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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

HAUNT of HORROR

CORBEN

MARGOPOULOS



CRB
2005

**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

HI GHOULES!
IT'S YOUR GOOD
OL' UNCLE DEADAR!
WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF
HORROR. ME AND FEW FRIENDS
DUG UP A FEW TASTY TREATS
OF PUTRID PLEASURES. I THINK
YOU'LL DIE FOR 'EM. OF COURSE,
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE
MY WORD FOR IT!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S HAUNT OF HORROR



The Dead Poe Society
PRESENTS:

**The Raven,
The Sleeper &
The Conqueror Worm**

BY **RICHARD CORBEN**
WORDS, PICTURES, GRAYTONES, COVER ART

RICH MARGOPOULOS
("The Sleeper" & "The Conqueror Worm")
PLOT & SCRIPT

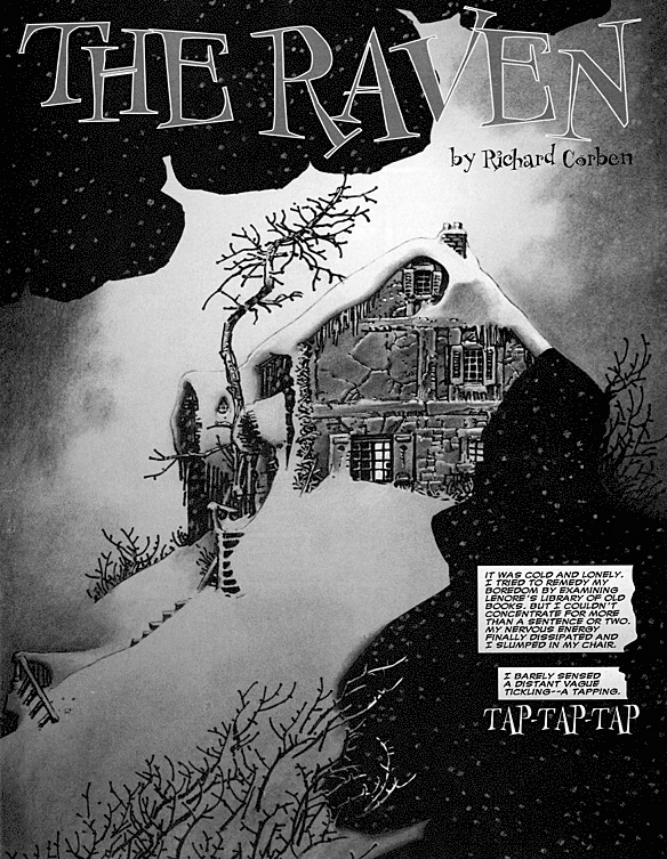
EDGAR ALLAN POE
INSPIRATION

WITH **VC'S GENT** LETTERS
CARRIE BEADLE BOOK DESIGN
CORY SEDLMEIER EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EXECUTIVE EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

SPECIAL THANKS **DAVID GABRIEL**

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THE RAVEN



by Richard Corben

IT WAS COLD AND LONELY.
I TRIED TO REMEDY MY
BOREDOM BY EXAMINING
LENORE'S LIBRARY OF OLD
BOOKS, BUT I COULDN'T
CONCENTRATE FOR MORE
THAN A SENTENCE OR TWO.
MY NERVOUS ENERGY
FINALLY DISSIPATED AND
I SLUMPED IN MY CHAIR.

I BARELY SENSED
A DISTANT VAGUE
TICKLING--A TAPPING.

TAP-TAP-TAP



IN MY LETHARGY I TRIED
TO IGNORE THE SOUND,
BUT SOMETHING ABOUT
IT WORRIED ME.



COULD IT BE A
MESSAGE FROM
LENORE? I MISS
HER SO MUCH.

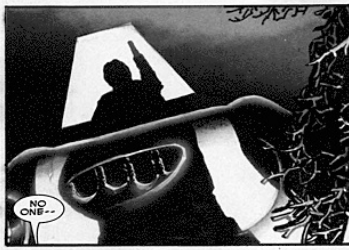


WHAT'S THAT?
MOVEMENT? OH
GOD! I CAN'T
REMEMBER
EVER BEING SO
FRIGHTENED!

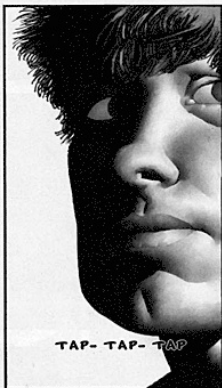
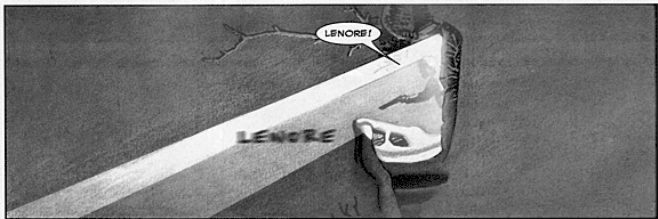
SOMEONE
OUT THERE
WAS TRYING
TO GET IN.



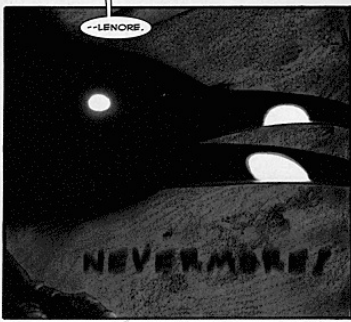
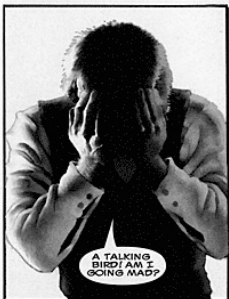
WHO'S
THERE?



NO
ONE--

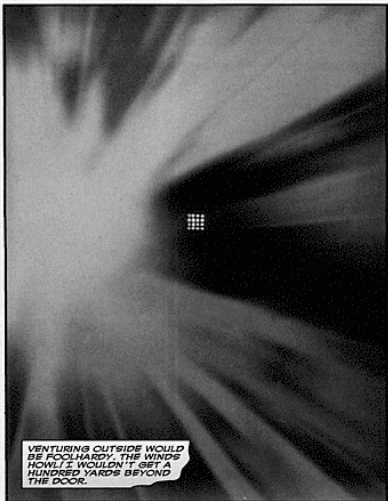








I MUST WAIT HERE.
SHE MIGHT RETURN
TO THIS COLD, DRAFTY
CHAMBER WHERE SO
MUCH HAPPENED.



VENTURING OUTSIDE WOULD
BE FOOLHARDY. THE WINDS
HOWL! I WOULDN'T GET A
HUNDRED YARDS BEYOND
THE DOOR.



SO I'LL
WAIT.



AND
REMEMBER
THE TREASURED
TIMES WITH
LENORE.



LENORE--



IT WAS HAPPY SUMMER
THEN. WE MET AND
ALL WAS JOY.



IT WAS
WONDERFUL--SO
WONDERFUL.



WE DANCED AND
EVERYONE WAS
ENVOUS OF
OUR LOVE.



EARTH BECAME
HEAVEN WITH OUR
BETROTHAL.



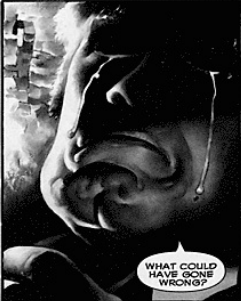
WAS THERE SOME
PREMONITION?
WHAT?



NEVERMORE!



OUR PASSIONS
WERE BOUNDLESS.



WHAT COULD
HAVE GONE
WRONG?



DEMON BIRD, YOU
TAUNT ME! BUT
NOT FOR MUCH
LONGER.

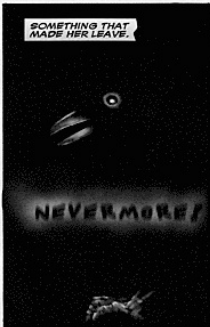
CLIK



SOMETHING
SPUT US. MY
WEAKNESS.



SOMETHING
OF HORROR!



SOMETHING THAT
MADE HER LEAVE.

NEVERMORE!

RETURN
TO HELL!

BLAM!

KRAKY!

CRASH!



LENORE!

I'M
SORRY--

BLAM!

QUOTH THE RAVEN,
"NEVERMORE."



The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

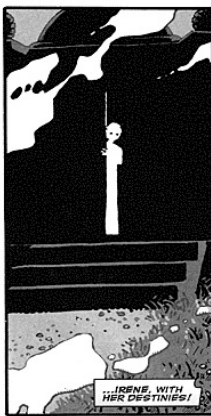
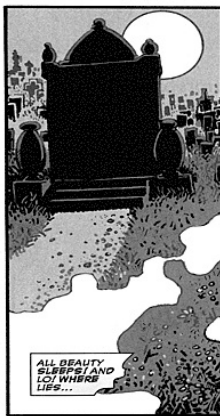
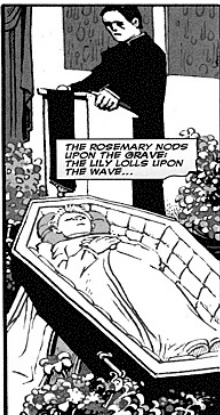
And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

The Sleeper

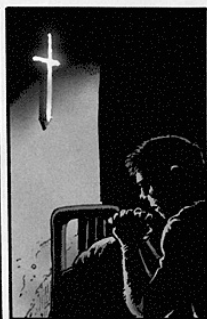
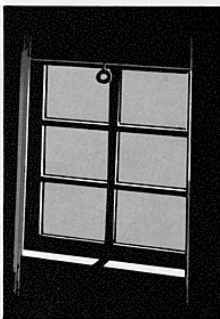
AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE
MONTH OF JUNE, I
STAND BENEATH THE
MYSTIC MOON/AN
OPIATE VAPOUR,
DEWY, DIM...

Exquisite night terrors brought to you by the usual suspects:
POE, MARGOPOULOS, & CORBEN









OH, LADY BRIGHT!
CAN IT BE RIGHT--
THIS WINDOW OPEN
TO THE NIGHT?



THE WANTON AIRS,
FROM THE TREE-TOP
LAUGHINGLY THROUGH
THE LATTICE DROP--



THE BODILESS AIRS, A WIZARD
ROUT, FLIT THROUGH THY
CHAMBER IN AND OUT...



AND WAVE THE CURTAIN CANOPY
SO FITFULLY--SO FEARFULLY--



ABOVE THE CLOSED LID *NEATH WHICH
THY SLUMB'RING SOUL LIES HID!



--LIKE GHOSTS
THE SHADOWS
RISE AND FALL!

OH, LADY DEAR, HAST THOU NO FEAR? WHY AND WHAT ART THOU DREAMING HERE?

SURE THOU ART COME
O'ER FAR-OFF SEAS ..

...A WONDER TO THESE
GARDEN TREES!

STRANGE IS THY PALLOR!
STRANGE THY DRESS!
STRANGE, ABOVE ALL,
THY LENGTH OF TRESS!

AND THIS ALL-SOLEMN
SILENTNESS!

A-A-A-A-ARGH!!



THE LADY SLEEPS?
OH, MAY HER SLEEP,
WHICH IS ENDURING,
SO BE DEEP!



HEAVEN HAVE
HER IN ITS
SACRED KEEP!
THIS CHAMBER
CHANGED FOR
ONE MORE HOLY...

--THIS BED
FOR ONE MORE
MELANCHOLY!



KRACK!
KRA-KRAK!



I PRAY TO GOD THAT
SHE MAY LIE FOREVER
WITH UNOPENED EYE...



--WHILE THE
PALE SHEETED
GHOSTS GO BY!



MY LOVE, SHE SLEEPS! OH,
MAY HER SLEEP, AS IT IS
LASTING, SO BE DEEP!



SOFT MAY THE WORMS
ABOUT HER CREEP!

FAR IN THE FOREST,
DIM AND OLD, FOR
HER MAY SOME TALL
VAULT UNFOLD--



SOME VAULT THAT
OFT HATH FLUNG ITS
BLACK AND WINGED
PANELS FLUTTERING
BACK...



TRIUMPHANT, O'ER
THE CRESTED PALLS,
OF HER GRAND FAMILY
FUNERALS...



--SOME SEPULCHER,
REMOTE, ALONE.



AGAINST WHOSE
PORTAL SHE HATH
THROWN, IN CHILDHOOD,
MANY AN IDLE STONE...

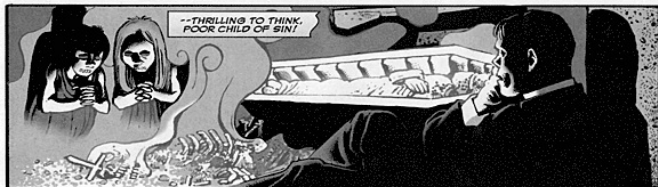


SKLASH!



...SOME TOMB FROM
OUT WHOSE SOUNDING
DOOR SHE NE'ER SHALL
FORCE AN ECHO MORE...





T S The Sleeper

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies
(Her casement open to the skies)
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right—
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop—
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully—so carefully—
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And winged panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals—
Some sepulcher, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone—
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within.

— Edgar Allan Poe

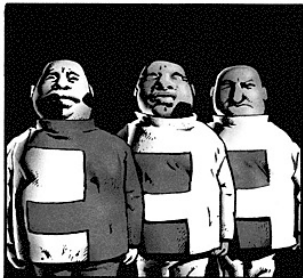


THE CONQUEROR WORM

INSPIRED BY A POEM PENNED BY EDGAR Allan POE

A RICK DAHL, & RICH CORBEN COLLABORATION





MILK! BUTTER! EGGS! MEAT,
EVEN! THIS IS SCIENTIFICALLY
IMPOSSIBLE--!

ALL TRUE!
YOU ARE A MAN
OF SCIENCE,
THEN?



HERE, MY DEAR! TRY A
WEDGE OF CHEESE!
GOOD, NO?

YES, MR. MAYOR, A
SCIENTIST! PROBABLY
THE LAST ONE IN ALL OF
RE-NEW ENGLAND!



I TAKE IT YOU WERE ALIVE
DURING THE ALIEN WORM
INVASION SOME 50
YEARS AGO, HM?

CORRECT! I EVEN
PARTICIPATED IN
OPERATION FINAL
PUSH TO GET
THEM OFF THE
PLANET!



BUT NOT SOON
ENOUGH, EHP? THE
DAMAGE THEY
CAUSED--!

HERE,
MY DEAR! TRY
THESE JELLIED
EGGS! PLEASE!
I INSIST! EAT...
EAT!

THE
DESTRUCTION
THEY CAUSED WAS
ABSOLUTE AND
TOTAL!

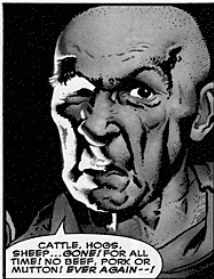


THE WORM TERRA-FORMING
PROJECTS PLAYED HAVOC
WITH THE ENVIRONMENT,
STUNTING OUR
CROPS...!

TO HASTEN THEIR CONQUEST, THEY
UNLEASHED A VIRAL EPIDEMIC THAT
OBLITERATED ENTIRE ANIMAL
SPECIES!



CATTLE, HOGS,
SHEEP... GONE! FOR ALL
TIME! NO BEEF, PORK OR
MUTTON! EVER AGAIN--!



WE'RE
HANGING ON BY OUR
FINGERNAILS WHEN WE
MOUNTED OPERATION:
FINAL PUSH!



"BUT IT WAS A
PYRRHIC VICTORY!
OUR POOR BLIGHTED
WORLD WAS LAID
WASTE!"



WHAT LITTLE FOOD
WE CAN COAX FROM
OUR COMPROMISED
ECOSYSTEM IS
NEVER ENOUGH!



IN ALL THE UNITED CITIES IT'S THE
SAME! THE DEATH RATE EXCEEDS
BIRTH!



EVERYWHERE
BUT HERE! WHAT
WE NEED TO KNOW
IS...HOW?

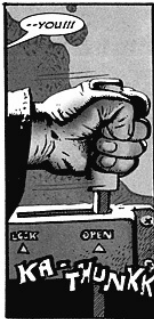
IF YOU
HAVE ALL
EATEN YOUR FILL,
I WILL SHOW
YOU!

THIS WAY,
PLEASE! COME,
COME!









SORT OF REMINDS ME
OF A POEM I ONCE
READ!



OUT--OUT ARE THE
LIGHTS--OUT ALL! AND,
OVER EACH QUIVERING
FORM...



THE CURTAIN, A FUNERAL
PALL, COMES DOWN
WITH THE RUSH OF
A STORM!







The Conqueror Worm

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

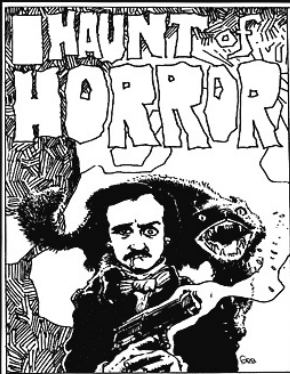
Mimes, in the form of God on high,
 Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
 Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
 That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
 Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
 It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
 By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
 To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
 A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
 The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
 The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
 In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
 And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
 And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

HAUNT OF HORROR #1 COVER SKETCHES: by Richard Corben



NEXT ISSUE:
THE TELL-TALE HEART
SPIRITS OF THE DEAD
EULALIE
&
THE LAKE



CORB

DIRECT EDITION

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EXPLICIT CONTENT